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was cheese. The weight was more than the first man could stand, so he thought he would lighten up by letting go his hold long enough to rest his hands, being perfectly ignorant of what would happen if he did so. Of course they all fell pell-mell into the river, and stirred up the water so much that, when they did manage to crawl out, they could not see the reflection of the moon. Then they all declared that the last fellow had stolen the cheese and gone. To see whether they were all there, after every one had denied taking the cheese, they thought that they should be counted, so the very cleverest one of all stood the rest in a row and began to count. Instead of counting from one to ten and including himself either as first or last, he only said, 'Me myself, one, two, three,' etc., and the consequence was that he only counted nine. He repeated this for some time, and getting tired of it, and calling in a slow way to find out the thief, they all got little twigs, and, forming themselves in a row, each one stuck a hole in the ground with his twig. After this was done, they took turns to count the holes, and at last really saw that all ten were still there. As to where the cheese went, they never could tell, and they lamented for weeks afterward over the lost piece of green cheese."

"THE IRISHMEN AND THE WATERMELON.—Two Irishmen were walking along one day, and they came across a wagon-load of watermelons. Neither one had ever seen a watermelon before, and they inquired of some negroes, who were working near by, what they were, and what they were good for. The negroes answered their questions very politely, and then, as it was their dinner hour, sat down in the shade to eat. The Irishmen concluded to buy a melon and see how they liked it. They went a little distance and cut the melon, but, taking pity on the poor negroes, decided to share it with them. 'Faith!' they said, 'guts is good enough for naygurs.' So they cut the heart out of the melon and gave it away, and ate the rind themselves."

"THE IRISHMEN AND THE DEER.—There seem to be several stories that might be placed under this title, all alike in recording the Irishman's non-success in the hunt, but varying widely in detail. They may be roughly classified into stories in which the Irishman shoots the wrong thing, as a cow or a mule, and those in which he simply fails to take any steps to secure the right thing when it goes by him. To the latter class belong the following:—

"(1.) Some men went hunting, and they put an Irishman on the stand where the deer would pass, and went off in other directions. Pretty soon the deer passed directly by the stand, and the Irishman stood and looked at him. The others came in at noon, and they all asked the Irishman why he did not shoot the deer when it passed so near. The Irishman said, 'Why, it was no use; if he kept on as fast as he was going, he'd kill himself anyway.'

"(2.) Once upon a time some Irishmen went out deer-hunting. As a rule, a deer will have a certain path along which he will run whenever he is chased. The first time he is chased he generally gets by, because no one knows his path, but the next time some one is apt to be on the watch in

that place. So it was with these men. They made plans for the chase, which were as follows: The leader says to his friend, 'Pat, youse get down yonder and sit by the road in some bushes. Don't holler, but keep right quiet and aisy, and when the deer comes you shoot him in the shoulder, and, faith and be Jasus, we'll have him!' The leader went another way to hark the dogs on. By and by the dogs began. 'Ough! ough!' Pat cries very softly, 'faith and be Jasus, he's comin'!' He looks very hard to see the deer, and soon it comes breaking through the woods into sight. Pat jumps up to shoot, but in a second he stops to talk again. 'Oh,' he says, 'that's a man? Say, mister, where are you going?' The deer says nothing, but keeps on running. 'Why, you seem to be in a hurry!' No reply. 'Are you running from the dogs?' No reply. 'Well, if you have not time to talk, you had better hurry on; the dogs are crowding you.' After the dogs had passed, the leader came up and said, 'What is the matter with you, Pat? Why did n't you shoot the deer?' 'I've not seen the deer,' says Pat; 'I saw a man go along here with a chair on his head, seeming to be afraid of the dogs.' 'What did you say, Pat?' says the leader. 'I said, go on, old man, for the dogs are close behind.' 'What a fool you are,' says the leader; 'you shall never hunt with us again.'

"TWO IRISHMEN AT SEA.—Two Irishmen were once at sea in a small boat, and they decided to get off at the first island that they reached. They finally came to a patch of seaweed, which they thought to be land. One of them instantly leaped from the boat to the seaweed and sank beneath the waves. The Irishman who was left in the boat thought that his friend was hiding from him and said, 'Faith in me Jasus! 'tis no use to hide, for I'm coming too.' He then leaped from the boat to the seaweed and sank as his companion had done. Thus perished both these Irishmen among the seaweeds."

The same journal for March, 1899, contains a number of items relating to "Folk-lore and Ethnology."

"THE TRICK BONE OF A BLACK CAT.—Put ashes and water into a pot, set it over a fire and let it come to a boil. Have ready a black cat (not a strand of white hair on him), cut his head off, put him in the lye, and let boil until all the flesh has left the bones. Take out every bone. Wash them. Now for finding the luck bone; take up one bone, place it in your mouth, and ask your partner, 'Do you see me?' If he says yes, you will have to try another, asking the same question every time. When you put the witchy bone in your mouth he will say, 'I don't see you.' Then take that bone, put it in your pocket and keep it there, and you can steal anything you want and no one will see. In fact, you can do any kind of trick you want, and no one will know it.

"Another informant tells us that the lucky bone will rise to the top when the flesh has all boiled off from the bones." *Note.*—It is sufficiently remarkable, and full of instruction in regard to the origins of American negro folk-lore, that this superstition also belongs to Germans in Canada, and is plainly of European descent. See *Journal of American Folk-Lore*,